

THE ABBEVILLE PRESS AND BANNER

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

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Life's Voyage.

Be thyself, there's nothing grander,
Written in thy soul!
Trust thyself, and stand the firmer—
When life's surges wilddest roll!

Let reason be thy helmman;
The helm will guide aright;
And be thy polestar duty—
No clouds are dim that light.

Thou must sail as those around thee,
Or in storm and oft in calm;
On must hear the conch's cracking,
Of torn sails come rattling down;

Of the reefs that rise before thee
Turn thee from thy chosen path;
Of overboard must go thy treasure,
Of the past gain a warning.

Courage!—thou shalt find, when ended,
Leave a smoother sea,
And in place of sails thus rended
Whither shall be.

In the stead of suchen treasure
A richer cargo thou shalt find;
And thy path, now seeming wayward,
Shall prove straight as path of wind.

And the wrath that came to daunt thee
Shall prove an angel guide,
Thou shalt find therein recorded
The path of God!

When thou'rt anchored in that haven,
And review'st thy log,
Thou shalt find therein recorded
"Peace!"—the autograph of God!

"I never touched it, Maddy," persisted the boy. "You have always taught me not even to take a pin that wasn't my own."

"There, dear, don't cry so hard!" soothed Madeline, brushing away his tears with her coarse little pocket handkerchief. "It is not your fault."

"But Maddy, I was so proud of earning the dollar and a half a week," sobbed poor little Charley, "and I thought you wouldn't have to work so hard, and—"

"Charley," said Madeline, rising to her feet, "bathe your eyes and cool your face in water, and then put on your hat again."

"What for?" questioned the child eagerly.

"Because I am going with you to your employer's office. I shall tell him that you have never deceived me or done a dishonest thing during your whole life, and I do not think you are beginning to be different now. I cannot have my good little brother rest under an imputation like this. We are poor, Charley, but we are honorable."

Charley slipped his red little fingers obediently into Madeline's hand. Deeply as he loved his sister, he was a little afraid of her when her eyes glittered so, and she assumed what the good landlady called "her grand tragic airs."

"Shall we go now, Maddy?" "Yes, at once."

Mr. Cliffe was sitting in the big leather-cushioned office chair when Ferdinand Corvill came in, as usual, in a breathless hurry.

"Charley, Charley, where is that little girl?" he demanded.

"I have discharged him," said Cliffe coolly biting off the end of a fresh cigar.

"Discharged Charley?" And what for? "I rather liked the spry."

"So did I until my gold pen disappeared."

"You don't say so," said Corvill. "Why, I should have been willing to stake a pretty considerable amount upon Charley's honesty; but one never can tell, now a days, whom to trust in. Where does Brownlow live?"

As he pulled out a desk to get a better purchase at the avalanche of papers which seemed to have descended upon it, something which had got caught between the wall and the desk-moulding fell with a clink to the floor.

"What's that?" cried Ferdinand Corvill.

He stooped as he spoke, and picked up a heavy gold pen and pencil case. "What?" ejaculated Cliffe, looking rather conscience-stricken.

"The pencil," exclaimed Corvill. "I knew there was nothing of the light-fingered nature about our Charley. Old fellow, you've made a mistake for once in your life. Send for Charley at once—let's make the amende honorable."

"So I would, if I knew where on earth he sent."

"Don't you know where he lives?" "No."

"Then there's nothing for it but to submit to the force of circumstances, for all that."

He stepped for at that instant the door opened and little Charley himself walked in, holding tight to the hand of a tall young lady with long eyes and glittering golden hair. Cliffe rose, instinctively, with a bow, for he recognized the lovely goddess of his daily worship.

"Excuse my intrusion, sir," said this new-comer, "for it has become my duty to speak in my little brother's behalf. I am Madeline Warwick."

"I beg pardon, Miss Warwick," interposed Constant Cliffe, coloring and looking rather awkward, "but your brother needs no defence. The missing pen is missing. I am compelled to state, thro' my own awkwardness—is found. I apologize heartily to Charley, and shall be glad to have him back here again, if he will come."

"Of course I'll come, sir," said Charley, brightening up; "but please don't ever believe again that I could be so base as to steal."

"There's no danger, my boy," said Corvill, kindly.

And Madeline, blushing and happy, took her leave.

That same evening Mr. Cliffe, who had ascertained his sister's address from little Charley, called, of course, only to ask Madeline's opinion of the propriety of raising the boy's wages somewhat—and he called again the next week to see what Madeline thought about Charley's joining an evening class in French—and the third time he quite forgot to allege any excuse. And after that none seemed to be necessary, save the mutual satisfaction they took in each other's companionship.

"Maddy," whispered little Charley to his sister, some months after the episode of the missing gold pen, "what do you suppose the other office boy, and Jones, the clerk, were saying saying to-day?"

"What, Charley?"

"That Mr. Cliffe was going to be married to you. Is it true?"

"And Madeline burst into tears on Charley's shoulder."

"Yes, Charley, it is true," she faltered, "and I am the happiest girl in all the world!"

For Madeline Warwick was about to make what the world calls a "grand match," but Constant Cliffe had secured a more precious treasure than gold or pearls—the prize of a true woman's true heart.

The New York ferry disaster is being investigated and much evidence taken.

The African Church—Letter of Bishop Vanderhorst.

MILL-WAY, ABBEVILLE, DIST. August 7th, 1871.

Mr. Editor:

I am unfortunately not acquainted with you, but my zeal for the cause, and supposing you have some interest in the welfare of my race and people, is my excuse for writing you, hoping you will find space for the same in your paper, so that all may see something of our doings.

Immediately after the emancipation a great many of the colored members of the Methodist church in this as well as in all sections of the South, cut loose their membership from their former churches, and joined what was called the African M. E. church. There remained, however, a small band who were unwilling to sever this connection, still preferring to worship with their old masters—this connection in this State continued into 12 months ago, when the Rev. W. H. Fleming, P. E., organized them into a separate Conference. Last December, delegates from all the Southern States, met in Jackson, Tennessee, and Bishop Paine, and Bishop McIntire then and there formed what is called the M. E. Church in America. There are two Bishops connected with this organization, Bishop Miles and myself. Bishop Miles' jurisdiction extends over Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Arkansas; mine is South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Florida.

It has been my happy privilege to meet with the good people in Harrisburg circuit in this District, at Mt. Sinai church near Cliffe Cross Roads, and I find them to be a praying, working people, endeavoring to carry out the Apostle's injunction, namely: "Keeping the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of Peace." Rev. Nathan Cliffe is in charge of this circuit and ministers to these people regularly in holy things. Rev. Geo. Jones supplies the circuit above, and aid Brother Cliffe seem to be zealous and faithful ministers. We commenced our meeting last Friday night and continued through Sabbath—the congregations were large and attentive, especially on Sabbath, and everything passed off decently and in order—20 were added to the Church. I am very sorry that it was not my privilege to meet the P. E. Rev. R. M. Valentine, but from what I hear of him, I am satisfied he is the right man in the right place, and pray the great Head of the Church to extend its usefulness.

The colored in this neighborhood appreciate very highly the interest their white friends have taken in their behalf in church matters, and would make special mention of two—Mr. Tyra Jay and Mr. John C. Chiles, who donated to them the ground. Mr. Jay has since passed the Jordan of death, and we hope is now where the weary are at rest. The whole neighborhood made a donation to their church and "it is their wish that I should pray that the benediction of Heaven should rest upon them and theirs."

My visit has been pleasing to me and I hope profitable to all, and I pray that the good Lord may shower down his choicest blessings upon all, and that our whole country may soon experience the happy results of those whose God is the Lord.

Yours, most respectfully,

R. H. VANDERHORST,

Bishop, M. E. Church in America.

FOR THE PRESS AND BANNER.

Late Meeting of the Saluda Dental Society.

Thinking the readers of your valuable paper would like to keep posted upon matters in the outer world, I send you an account of the meeting of the Saluda Dental Society, held in Greenville, the 1st and 2d of August. This little Society has been in existence rather more than twelve months, and is doing a good work among the members of the profession in the upper part of the State. It is intended as auxiliary to the State Dental Association, but is perhaps even more efficient, as the members act in greater freedom, and take more general interest in the discussions. The present meeting was, perhaps, the best we have had. The reports of the standing committees, especially "Operative Dentistry," and "Mechanical Dentistry," elicited animated discussions. Several interesting and instructive essays were read and commented upon at length. There were shown some new and beautiful instruments; there was shown an artificial substitute for a lost jaw bone, which corrected a great deformity and enabled the individual to articulate distinctly, and masticate his food with comfort and satisfaction; models were presented portraying the most insightfully cases of irregularity of the teeth, and their wonderful restoration to regularity and symmetry; several patients with peculiar affections were brought before the Society, and their cases learnedly discussed and with other like interesting matters two nights and a day were consumed.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year, viz: Your townsgman, Dr. W. C. Wardlaw, President; Dr. D. J. Boozer, of Columbia, Vice-President; Dr. J. R. Thompson, of Newberry, Secretary, and Dr. J. Q. McDavid, of Greenville, Treasurer.

The next meeting is to be in Abbeville next January.

Respectfully, &c.,

JOHN R. THOMSON,

Secretary.

Here and There in Advertising.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

After twenty years of incessant labor, a merchant of New York, who shall be nameless, found himself just where he began twenty years ago, without a dollar he did not owe. Seated at his desk one morning, pouring over bills and other unsatisfactory documents, he asked himself for the hundredth time, how it happened that his neighbors were flourishing, while he stagnated, and found it a hard matter to hold his own.

He said to himself, "I work twice as hard as they do; I am as honest and prompt in all my dealings, and still I do not make headway. There's my family growing up, and my eldest boy, now in the firm, and he must have what I fear, unless I make better sales this season, I shall find it very hard to give him a fair portion of the profits. What must be done?"

As he asked himself this question, a respectable-looking young man, with a book under his arm, entered his office, stood before him, and immediately addressed him with a polite "good morning," which salutation the merchant as courteously returned.

"I have called on a little matter of business, sir."

"Yes, sir," said the merchant, pleasantly.

He hoped he was about to receive an order for some goods.

"If you are advertising now I should like to receive your order."

The frown returned to the merchant's face, and he turned from his visitor with:

"I am not advertising, sir, and do not intend to choose a better medium than the firm I represent."

"Times are bad, young man."

"The more reason that you should endeavor to stimulate trade."

"I don't believe in it, sir."

"That is strange."

"Never advertised in my life."

"Stranger still," thought the young man, as he quietly took his leave.

As he passed the outer door, he said, half aloud:

"You won't last long, old gentleman, if you don't advertise."

A gentleman with a care-worn look on his face, who stood in the doorway as he passed, happened to overhear the remark. Walking into the office, he asked:

"Who was your visitor, father?"

"One of those troublesome advertising agents. All nonsense throwing away one's money in that way. We've none to spare."

"Any orders this morning?"

"No," said the old gentleman, with

a sigh, "and yet a that last lot of goods are splendid. I suppose they'll be on our hands next."

The son answered not a word, but went to his desk and examined his private bank account.

Presently he said: "It isn't much, but I'll do it," then taking up his hat he left the office.

About a week after the old merchant sat as usual, at his desk, more than ever discouraged and anxious.

"If I could only get rid of that lot of goods," he said to himself, "I should be saved; as it is we are ruined. I have written to all my customers, but they are all supplied. I ought to have realized fifteen thousand dollars, easily. It's terrible, terrible!"

The office boy entered, just then, with letters from the postoffice. He opened them; one after another, and gazed over their contents. There was one more left. He opened it, and read:

G. O. A. Head & Co.,

"Bless us," said the old gentleman, "I've never done business with those people. But they are as good as gold. How did they know that I'd the goods they want? Well, thank heaven, we are saved from ruin!"

When his eye came in he found his respected progenitor trying a page sent.

"All right, my son; we've saved. Here, read that letter. Hallo! I've overlooked the postscript. What's that? 'We saw your advertisement in the Daily Banner.' Why, why—'it's a mistake,' and his countenance fell.

"It's no mistake, father," said his son, joyfully.

"But I never advertised in my life."

"I did, though."

"You!"

"Yes; I have spent three hundred dollars in advertising, and here's the result. A pretty good investment, eh?"

The samples were all right, the goods sent, and the money paid. The junior member of that firm has serious thoughts of getting a straight jacket for the old gentleman, for he's almost gone mad on advertising; and he possibly would stop him, only—

RAYS.—*Review's Newspaper Reporter.*

A Nice Girl.

Though that class of girls is by no means extinct, still they are not so numerous as might be wished. There is nothing half so sweet, in life, half so delightful, or so lovable as a nice girl. Not a pretty, or a dashing girl; but a nice girl. One of those lovely, likable, good-hearted, sweet faced, amiable, neat, matty, domestic creatures, met within the sphere of "home," diffusing around the influence of her goodness, like the essence of sweet flowers.

A nice girl is not the languishing beauty, drawing on the sofa, and discussing the last novel, or opera, or the giraffine like creature, sweeping majestically through the drawing room. The nice girl may not even play or dance well, and knows nothing about using her eyes or coquetting with a fan. She never languishes, she is too active. She is not given to sensitive novels, she is too busy. In the opera she is not in front to show her shoulders; she sits quiet and unobtrusive at the back of the box, most likely. In fact it's not often we discover her. Home is her place.

Who rises betimes and superintends the morning meal? Who makes the toast and the tea, and buttons the boy's shirts, and waters the flowers, and feeds the chickens, and brightens up the parlor, and sitting-room? Is it the languisher, or the giraffe, or the "elegantest?"

Not a bit of it; it's the nice young girl.

Her maiden toilet is made in the shortest possible time, yet how charmingly done; and how elegant her neat dress and collar!

Breakfast over, down to the kitchen to see about dinner, and all day she is up and down, always cheerful and light-hearted. She never ceases to be active, and useful until the day is gone, when she will Polka with the boys, or read or sing old songs and play old tunes to her father and mother for hours together. She is a perfect treasure, a nice girl. When sickness comes it is she who attends with unwearied patience in the sick chamber. There is no risk, no fatigue that she will not undergo; no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion. I have often thought it would be happiness to be ill, to be watched by such loving eyes, and tended by such fair hands.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a "nice girl" is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is invariably associated in my mind with a high frock, plain collar, and the neatest of neck ribbons, bound with the most modest little brooch in the world. I never knew a "nice girl" who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, and who wore "fay dresses or a splendid bonnet."

I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good as a "nice girl." She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous; but those we merely admire—we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we like to rest.

Sleep-Fainting, Apoplexy.

When a man is asleep, his pulse beats and his lungs play; but he is without sense, and you can wake him up.

If a person faints, he, too, is without sense, but he has no pulse, and does not breathe.

Apoplexy is between the two; the heart beats, the lungs play, as in sleep; but there is no sense as in fainting; but you cannot shake the man back to life.

In sleep, the face is natural; in a fainting fit, it has the pallor of death; in apoplexy, it is swollen, turgid, and fairly livid.

A man is asleep let him alone; nature will wake him up as soon as he has got sleep enough.

When a person faints, all that is needed is to lay him flat on the floor and he will "come to" in double quick time. He fainted because the heart missed a beat, failed for an instant, failed for only once to send the amount of blood to the brain. If you place the patient in a horizontal position, lay him on his back, it does not require much force of the heart to send blood on a level to the head; but you set a man up, the blood has to be shot upward to the head, and this requires much more force; yet in nine cases out of ten, if a person faints and fall to the floor, the first done to him is to run to him and set him in a chair.

In apoplexy, as there is too much blood in the head, every one can see that the best position is to set a man up and the blood naturally tends downward, as much as so water will come out of a bottle when turned upside down, if the cork is out.

ORCHARD AND NURSERY.—Trees newly set last spring ought to be heavily mulched.

Insects will appear on many of the trees in the orchard and nursery. It will require a constant watchfulness to prevent them ravages, both on the foliage and fruit.

Seeds.—As fast as fruits ripen, save the seeds, if it is desired to propagate. Seeds of many ornamental trees in the nursery require to be sown as soon as ripe.

Seedlings of evergreen and other forest trees require to be shaded from the hot sun by means of brush, or what is better, a lattice-work of laths. A mulch of hay or straw between the rows of larger plants will prevent the growth of many weeds, and thus save time at a labor in weeding.

Grass set in the spring will require looking after now, as the stock often sends out new shoots, which rob the sward of nourishment.

Stocks should be rabbed off whenever they appear upon budded or grafted stocks.

Cherries.—Care must be used in picking not to injure the bark or break any limbs.

Thinning of Fruit should be continued this month, if not already finished.

How to CURE STAMMERING.—Lute A. Taylor, editor of the *La Crosse (Wis.) Leader*, who has been an inveterate stammerer, writes as follows about the way to cure the habit: "No stammering person ever found any difficulty in singing. The reason of this is, that by observing the time of the music—by keeping time—the organs of speech are kept in such position that articulation is easy. Apply the same rule to reading or speech, and the same result will follow. Let the stammerer take a sentence, say this one—'Lender swam the Hollespont'—and pronounce it by syllables, scan it, keeping time with his finger if necessary, letting each syllable occupy the same time, thus, Le—an—der—swam—the—Hol—les—pont, and he will not stammer. Let him pronounce slowly, at first, then faster, but still keeping time; keeping time with words instead of syllables, and he will read without stammering and nearly as rapidly as persons ordinarily talk or read. Then practise this in reading and conversation until the habit is broken up. Perseverance and attention is all that is necessary to perform a perfect cure."

The New York Mail says: Few of the masculine gender have any idea of the intricacies of the female toilet, while the cost is a marvel even to the most astute. There is a conundrum which explains that a ship is always spoken of as being of the female sex, "because the rigging costs more than the hull," and this contains a profound philosophical truth. We lately learned that a hair-dresser in this city has on sale a double braid of pure gray hair, twenty-eight inches in length and about the thickness of one's wrist, on which he places the modest price of \$3,900 and expects to get it, too.

For Marriageable Girls.

If a man wipes his feet on the doormat, he will make a good husband. If a man in snuffing a candle, puts it out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband. If a man puts his handkerchief on his knee while taking tea you may be sure he will make a good husband. In the same way, always mistrust a man who will not take the last piece of toast, but reserves waiting for the next warm batch it is likely he will make a greedy and selfish husband, with whom you will enjoy no "brown" at dinner, no crust at tea, and no peace whatever at home. The man, my dears, who wears rubbers, and is careful about wrapping himself up before venturing in the night air, not infrequently makes a good invalid husband, that mostly stops at home, and is easily comforted with sops. The man who watches the kettle, and prevents it from boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in his married state, in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who does not take tea, but treats cats, takes snuff, stands with his back to the fire is a brute whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry for any consideration, either for love or money—but most decidedly not for love. But a man who when tea is over, is covered to have had none, is sure to make a good husband. Patience like his deserves to be rewarded with the best of wives and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your best to marry him. In the several articles he wouldn't mind going to bed first.

THE SWEARING PARROT.—Two friendly neighbors bought each of them a parrot. That of Mrs. A. was a bird of great department, who had been taught to speak very proper words. That of Mrs. B. was an immodest fellow, for his language abounded in bad words. Now Mrs. B. felt quite shocked at the irreverent talk of her parrot, and prevailed on her friend to allow the parrot to pay a visit to the swearing, in hope of reclaiming the rogue by good example. The two birds stayed together for about a month; but imagine the consternation of good Mrs. A. on the return of her more grave and decorous bird, to hear him swearing terribly. The fact is, that, instead of teaching her, he has been learning and from that day his language was as bad as that of his scoundrel associate.

Let all scholars learn from this that although they have never been guilty of profaneness, nor of speaking foul and unclean words, yet if they keep company with wicked boys who delight in swearing, they will soon be likely to indulge in profane language for "evil" communications corrupt good manners."—*D. Nash.*

BRACKING COLTS.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* gives his experience in England in the matter of bracking colts, as follows: "I raised upwards of twenty colts per year, from 1836 to 1850. A colt breaker by profession, who broke for all the nobility and best horse-racers in the neighborhood, broke for me, and he always prepared a four year old, which had never been handled, to make a good saddle horse. Any of the wildest of any age he could bring into a handy state, fit for any horseman to ride in, four weeks, while he would be a fortnight, longer in getting those safe which had been handled, and perhaps ridden 'bareback.' There are reasons for preferring that at colts, and even young cow kind, should be handled so far as to be able to lead them, as it saves a deal of running around at times, but the less a colt is in the hands of men or boys knowing nothing of horsemanship, or in charge of men pretending to know everything about colts and horses, the better, till he becomes strong enough to work, and has felt the bit while in the hands of a man who can 'feel' a horse's mouth—there is a gift to some men in possessing hands with such a delicate touch as for any horse to tell a driver or rider knows how to guide him; and every genuine jockey or gentleman rider knows this to be a fact."

When Professor Fulton, reading "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to the captain of a ship, of which he was a passenger, came to the description of Oberon, sitting on a promontory listening to a mermaid on a dolphin's back, the seaman was disgusted. "The dolphin's back," said he, "is as sharp as a razor, and no mermaid could possibly ride the beast unless she first saddled him."

The New York is ungallant enough to say that one of the attractions of Freemasonry and other secret orders is no doubt the fact that women are never omitted. The harmony, freedom and general deliciousness which result from this masculine exclusiveness can be known only to the initiated.

Land of nod—an auction shop.

Panc-annihilators—boys throwing stones.

What kind of a fort is an effort?

How much cloth is required to make a spirit wrapper?

SCRAP.

The Paris court recently has subpoenaed 250 witnesses in the Communist case.

Senator Sherman delivered an address before the Cincinnati Fair, change.

The Conservative Union, small genius in the North Carolina election for Governor.

California estimates the loss of a castor of at 20,000 dollars.

Roast mutton is said to be the fashionable delicacy among the natives at Arcadia.

A man in Kansas who had sold a lady his land, and was for damages, because she had not paid for it.

A lady in Kentucky, Ohio, and away her silver ware in an old clothes' bag, and forgetting to add the lot for three cents a pound.

Barges have recently come into use on the lakes for the transportation of grain and lumber, and are fast superseding the flat boats.

An Indian girl undertook to break a colt the other day. At last accounts, her head was two sizes too large for her cranium, and she has ordered a set of false teeth.

The story that Bro. Harle did not know exactly the day his poem was expected at Harvard is contradicted by the New Bedford *Free Press*, which says it knows better.

The other day a ship arrived in London from Shanghai with 5,000 chests of opium tea.

The damages for which the city of New York is liable from the riot, amounts to less than \$10,000.

The czar of Russia has granted permission for the election of the first Synagogue in St. Petersburg.

The number of deaths recorded in London last week was 1,200, which was forty and below the average.

Marine reports only that a ship may come. New bay is now being in Louisville \$150,000, and was only \$100,000 in the old.

A hurricane has caused immense damages at St. Joseph, Mo., four persons being killed, one of them a child.

In the Connecticut Senate, the bill repealing the Fugitive Slave Law, passed by a nearly unanimous vote.

Samuel Mosley, a well-known horse dealer, had his horse stolen in Boston, by the theft of a horse.

A severe gale visited St. Louis, doing considerable damage. One man was killed, and another seriously injured.

The ship *Salmon*, from Vancouver, bound to Penang, was captured in the Indian Ocean. Thirty persons were lost.

Michigan has 144 lakes, covering an area of 1,114 miles, besides a water front on the great lakes of 1,350 miles.

Careful estimates of the cotton crop place the probable limits of the yield between 2,500,000 and 3,500,000 bales.

The regular express companies complain that the people's trunks and baggage are very often called for by girls of virtue.

The gold placers of Sonora, Mexico, are pronounced again to be the best California.